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SUNDRY OCCASIONS,

BY

C L A U D E R O.

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The AUTHOR's
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

CHRISTIAN READER,

THE following Miscellany is published at the Desire of many Gentlemen, who have always been my very good Friends ; if there be any Thing in it amusing, or entertaining, shall be very glad I have contributed to your Diversion ; and will laugh as heartily at your Money, as you do at my Works. Several of my Pieces may need Explanation, but I am too cunning for that ; what is not understood, (like Pr--b----n Preaching) will at least be admired.

I am regardless of Critics ; perhaps some of my Lines want a Foot : but then, if the Critic look sharp out, he will find that Loss sufficiently supplied in other Places, where they have a Foot too much ; and besides, Mens Works generally resemble themselves, if the Poems are Lame, so is the Author.

C L A U D E R O.

Е А Т Е Й

С Н О В А

Я Е С А Й

Certaine Ressources
berührt den Mittwoch und Freitag
namens Christus am Samstag
vom 29. Februar 1712.
- 2. In der Nacht von 29. Februar
auf den 1. März ist ein großer
Brand in der Stadt verheert.
- 3. Der 1. März ist ein sehr
kalter Tag mit Schneefall.
- 4. Der 2. März ist ein sehr
kalter Tag mit Schneefall.
- 5. Der 3. März ist ein sehr
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- 26. Der 24. März ist ein sehr
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- 27. Der 25. März ist ein sehr
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- 28. Der 26. März ist ein sehr
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- 29. Der 27. März ist ein sehr
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- 30. Der 28. März ist ein sehr
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1712. 1. April.

(A N)

E L E G Y
On the much lamented DEATH
O F
QUAKER ERSKINE;
OR
Quakerism compared with Presbytery.

W HAT dreary News is this I hear ?
What doleful Tale thus strikes my Ear ?
No common Loss sure this must be,
That draweth Tears from ev'ry Eye.
No trivial Loss, the Loss is great,
Mourn, mourn, the Church, and mourn, the State ;
Mourn, Ed'nburgh, both Suburbs and City,
For ERSKINE's Death, be fill'd with Pity.
From Youth-hood to his dying Day
He to us both did preach and pray ;
The Gospel free he did dispense,
And for it ne'er took Pounds or Pence.
Like canting Preachers in our Day,
Who'll neither to us preach or pray,
Unless we pay two thousand Merks,
Besides their Beadles Charge, and Clerks,
And tho' they have the foresaid Rent,
Yet De'il ha'e them if they're content,
But do apply to Parliament,
Their Stipend further to augment.
Oh ! happy Country, sure and blest,
Where from the Clergy they find Rest :

A

But

But where shall we this Kingdom find ?
 Not till in Heav'n, this is design'd.
 Here *Gibb* damns *Ralph*, and *Ralph* damns *Gibb*,
 Both damn the *Cameronian* Tribe,
 While *Whitefield* comes, prays God save a',
 Then takes our Cash, and runs awa' ;
 Unlike those, but like 'postle *Paul*,
ERSKINE liv'd by honest Call ;
 Our Souls with Gospel he did cheer,
 Our Bodies too with Ale and Beer.
 Gratis he Gospel got, and gave away,
 For Ale and Beer he only made us pay ;
 His Ale and Beer were always best,
 For which in Heav'n he's highly blest.
 If there were Stipend in the Case,
 Fast for his Kirk our Priests would chace :
But where there is not Store of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Cure of Health.
 And for his Kirk our Clergy will not plea,
 Vacant his Kirk, but not his Brewerie.
 Each canting Presbyter, when he dies,
 Gets to his Fame high Elegies,
 And whether they deserve or not,
 They are set forth without a Blot.
 But here, alas ! no Risk we run,
 His Character can't be out-done,
 For Truth and honest Probity,
 No Man e'er liv'd could him out-vy.
 Some chuse Mass *James*, some chuse Mass *John*,
 Some curse the Power of a Patron :
 But all are in a gross Mistake,
 'Till they convert to honest *QUAKE*.
 Now honest *QUAKERS*, Best of Men,
 Mourn, mourn for him with heavy Mane,

For by yea and nay, or by G——d d——n,
ERSKINE was an honest Man.

The ECHO of the ROYAL PORCH of the Palace
of *HOLY-ROOD-HOUSE*, which fell under
Military Execution, anno 1755.

YE Sons of MARS, with black Cockcade,
Who wear the Gun, and murd'ring Blade,
Against your Foes in Battle hot,
And die, or conquer on the Spot ;
To Devastation ye are bred,
By Blood ye swear, and Blood's your Trade.
No—(Echo then, reply'd aloud,) They do not always deal in Blood ;
Nor yet in breaking human Bones,
For Quixot-like they knock down Stones.
Regardless they the Mattock ply,
To root out SCOTS Antiquity.
My aged Arch for Cent'ries ten
Hath spared been by SCOTTISH MEN ;
As Judah's Porches, sacred mine,
Where KINGS did rule by Right divine.
Your ancient KINGS did enter here,
Tho' Strangers now for many a-Year ;
And many Barons in my Sight,
Were honour'd with the Title, KNIGHT ;
Whose Race now tamely see my Fall,
Relentless at my mournful Call.
When Red-coats struck, I loud-did shriek,
And to AULD REIKIE thus did speak :
What is my Crime ? Oh ! what my Blot ?
AULD REIKIE cry'd, *Thou'ret an old SCOT ;*

What

*What then? my Echo loud did cry,
Must SCOTS Antiquity now die?
Yes, cry'd AULD REIKIE, die you must,
For _____ at you has a Disgust.*

*My Cross likewise, of old Renown,
Will next to you be tumbled down;
And by Degrees each ancient Place
Will perish by this modern Race.*

*My Echo then did loud rebound,
With Cries which shook the neighb'ring Ground;
And all amaz'd, the Soldier Bands
Suspended stood with trembling Hands;
While these sad Accents I let fly,
Which sharply pierc'd the azure Sky.*

*Adieu, EDINA, now adieu,
Fair SCOTIA's Glory's gone.*

*This said, she bow'd her ancient Head,
And gave the final Groan.
EDINA echo'd then aloud;
And bid her long farewell,
The Calton-hill and Arthur-seat,
Did ring her parting Knell.*

The last Speech and dying Words of the CROSS of EDINBURGH, which was hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, on Monday, the 15th March, 1756, for the horrid Crime of being an Incumbrance to the Street.

YOU Sons of SCOTIA, mourn and weep,
Express your Grief with Sorrow deep;
Let aged Sires be bath'd in Tears,
And ev'ry Heart be fill'd with Fear;

Let

Let rugged Rocks with Grief abound,
 And Echo's multiply the Sound ;
 Let Rivers, Hills, let Woods and Plains,
 Let Morning Dews, let Wind and Rains,
 United join to aid my Woe,
 And loudly mourn my Overthrow.
 For Arthur's Ov'n †, and Edinburgh Cross,
 Have, by new Schemers, got a Toss ;
 We Heels o'er Head are tumbled down,
 The modern Taste is London Town.

I was built up in Gothic Times,
 And have stood several hundred Reigns ;
 Sacred my Mem'ry and my Name ;
 For Kings and Queens I did proclaim.
 I Peace and War did oft declare,
 And rous'd my Country every where ;
 Your Ancestors around me walk'd ;
 Your Kings and Nobles 'side me talk'd ;
 And Lads and Lasses, with Delight,
 Set Tryst with me to meet at Night ;
 No Tryster e'er was at a Loss,
 For why, I'll meet you at the Cross.
 I Country People did direct
 Thro' all the City with Respect,
 Who missing me will look as droll
 As Mariners without the Pole.
 On me great men have lost their Lives,
 And for a Maiden left their Wives.
 Low Rogues likeways oft got a Peg,
 With Turnip, T—d, or rotten Egg.

B ————— And

† A Piece of very great Antiquity, the Property of a Gentleman near FALKIRK, who destroyed it to build up a Mill-dam-head, on the River CARRON.——But the River (swell'd, as it were, with Resentment) soon swept it off.

And when the Mob did miss their But,
I was bedaub'd like any Slut.
With loyal Mett, on loyal Days,
I dress'd myself in lovely Bays,
And with sweet Apples treat the Crowd,
While they huzza'd around me loud.

Professions many have I seen,
And never have disturbed been :
I've seen the *Tory* Party slain,
And *Whigs* exulting o'er the Plain ;
I've seen again the *Tories* rise,
And with loud shouting pierce the Skies,
Then crown their King, and chace the *Whig*,
From *Pentland-hills* and *Bothwel-brig*.
I've seen the Covenants by all sworn,
And likeways seen them burnt and torn.
I neutral stood, as peaceful Quaker,
With neither Side was I Partaker.

I wish my Life had longer been,
That I might greater Ferlies seen ;
Or else like other Things decay,
Which Time alone doth waste away :
But since I now must lose my Head,
I at my last this Lesson read,
“ Tho' Wealth, and Youth, and Beauty shine,
“ And all the Graces round you twine,
“ Think on your End, nor proud behave,
“ There's nothing sure this Side the Grave.”

You jolly Youths, with richest Wine,
Who drunk my Dirge, for your Propine,
I do bequeath my lasting Boon,
My Heav'n preserve you late and soon ;

May royal Wine, in royal Bowls,
 And lovely Women chear your Souls,
 Till by old Age you gently die,
 To live immortal in the Sky.

To own my Faults I have no Will,
 For I have done both Good and Ill :
 As to the Crime for which I die,
 To my last Gasp, *Not guilty, I.*
 But to this magisterial Hate,
 I shall assign the pristine Date.
 When the intrepid matchless CHARLES
 Came here with many *Highland* CARLES ;
 And o'er my Top, in publick Sight,
 Proclaim'd aloud his FATHER'S RIGHT.
 From that Day forth it was agreed,
 That I should as a REBEL bleed ;
 And at this Time they thought it meet
 To snatch my Fabric off the Street,
 Lest I should tell to them once more
 The Tale I told ten Years before.

At my Destroyers bear no Grudge,
 Nor do you stain their Mason Lodge,
 Tho' well may all By-standers see
 That better Masons built up me.
 The royal Statue in the Clos.
 Will share the Fate of me, poor CROSS ;
 Heavens, Earth, and Seas, all in a Range,
 Like me, will perish for Exchange.

The serious Advice and Exhortation of the ROYAL
EXCHANGE to the CROSS of EDINBURGH,
immediately before its Execution.

MY aged Parent, hear my Voice,
And cease to make this doleful Noise ;
Submit yourself unto your Doom,
ROYAL EXCHANGE comes in your Room.
My polish'd Stones, of modern Date,
One Day will share my Parent's Fate ;
And in your Fall my own I see,
What's Modern now will Ancient be :
All Nature changes in its Turn,
Worlds sometimes drown, and sometimes burn ;
Yea, Heaven shrinks below the Rod
Of the eternal changeless GOD.

To your last Words I was attent,
Which made my Heart of Stone relent ;
Your aged Speeches, full of Sense,
Acquir'd by long Experience,
Made zealous Whigs, and hopeful Tories,
Jointly thank you for your Stories ;
Both Parties herein did agree,
That you was used cruelly.
When honest Men are high in Place,
Rogues are hung up with cover'd Face ;
When Rogues have Pow'r, sham Justice too
Will hang the honest up like you.
The Luckenbooths, Weigh-house, and Guard,
By the new Scheme, will not be spar'd ;
For modish People think it meet,
That Houses be swept off the Street.

Into my Bowels, as an Urn, I'll throw a wond'ry woe upon you.
 You'll all be buried in your Turn; this doth your cold woe.
 Then Phœnix-like again you'll rise, and sing sweetly in the sun,
 And soar with me into the Skies. Grand is the Scheme, and its Intent
 Is Order, Use, and Ornament. My Builders skill'd are in each Lecture
 Of Masonry and Architecture; Can build a Cross, or pull it down,
 And from a Rock extract a Town; Can work to old Taste or to New,
 Therefore the Ancients they out-do. Your Crimes, dear Father, now repent,
 Mourn for the Life that you have spent; For Witness often you have stood,
 And have suck'd up much gentle Blood. A violent Death therefore you share,
 That all Blood-suckers may beware. Num'rous Examples testify,
 That Blood for Blood doth Vengeance cry; None merciful will mourn the Loss
 Of you, a cruel bloody Cross.

CLAUDERO to WHITEFIELD.

NOW zealous Pig-ey'd English Quack, Arriv'd again with loaded Pack;
 Pray what now have you got to sell? Can you insure Scots Souls from Hell?
 Or do you come to cry, REPENT; Give me your Money, I'm a Saint;
 And in Return you shall have Grace To put into your Money's Place

Pray,

Pray, can you show a nearer Road
 How Men may reach the bless'd Abode,
 Than Pulpitcers into our Isle ?
 Or do our Preachers us beguile ?
 That you thus singly do oppose
 Yourself against spiritual Foes :
 Plays, Balls, Assemblies, and the De'il,
 Your zealous Fury often feel :
 The Play-house, Sir, you ought to spare,
 For often there you had a Share ;
 The Stage supply'd you, in your Need,
 'Till you fell into better Bread.
 Like *Aesop's* Daw, you've turn'd your Coat,
 Among the Pigeons now you've got,
 Where you are well supply'd and fed,
 By honest Doves that are blind-led ;
 But dread the Cheat may come to Light,
 And blinded Pigeons get their Sight ;
 Then you'll be stript of all that's good,
 And sent to starve into the Wood.
 Can you afford us cheaper Meal ?
 Or from the Country drive the De'il ;
 Then chain him fast up with a Bridle ;
 And so lay all our Clergy idle ?
 Can you make Whig and Tory 'gree,
 And beat the French by Land and Sea ?
 Can you from Pres-bands ease our Fears ?
 Recruit our Fleets with Volunteers ?
 If you can all these Things do well,
 None here more welcome than yoursel' :
 But if you cannot these effect,
 To England go and break your Neck,
 No more your Accent we admire,
 Nor yet your blazing zealous Fire ;

Fine Sound for Sense no more we'll take,
 Though you should cry till your Heart ache,
 With Sectaries you never join,
 But flyly glean from all the Coin,
 An Instance of your sordid View,
 'Tis Money, **WHITEFIELD**, pleases you.

Be not such Fools, my Countrymen,
 Nor suffer Rogues your Coin to drain.
 These foreign Quacks are Whillie-whaws,
 Keep your Fish-guts to your Sea-maws.

A FAREWEL to the ASSEMBLY.

YOU Fleshars, sheathe your reeking Knives;
 Of God's Creation spare the Lives;
 Relent the Slaughter you have made,
 And mourn a Moment o'er the Dead!

Great Bulls did roar, with dying Groans,
 And slaughter'd were for our *Mass John*;
 The smaller Cattle, Calves and Lambs,
 Were snatched from their mournful Dams;
 At the Assembly lost their Lives,
 To stuff the Clergy and their Wives;
 Nor did the grunting nasty Sow,
 Th' Abomination of a Jew,
 Escape the Lust of this *Black-band*,
 Who raise a Dearth o'er all the Land.
 The feather'd Tribe, Goose, Duck, and Hen,
 Were in infinite Numbers slain;
 To satisfy their Hunger keen,
 Such Devastation ne'er was seen.
 The *Forth* was plunder'd of its Fish,
 That they might have a dainty Dish;

Salmon

Salmon, Cod, and Cabelow, from on shore not bound with
 Into their Bellies they did stow; but you binomoy sign'd
 At Oysters too they did not hogle, never moy assin'd day.
 Which made them at our Ladies ogie, and make right all
 And carnal Weapons keenly ply, that may be call'd a
 Well cover'd with Hypocrisie, ~~exhibit in W~~ yold & T
 But to their Glebes, they now are fled, look don't you all
 With their big Guts well stuff'd and fed, ~~age H~~ 1711 now
 Each Parish now has got its Drone, ~~now~~ ~~now~~ ~~now~~
 To croak, and hum, and howl, and groan, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
 Except the Priest of Durisdeer,
 Depos'd for loving carnal Cheer,
 Tho' all the Brethren must confess
 They love it either more or less.

Now Gladness shines in every Face,
 Since their fat Paunches left the Place,
 We only dread the coming Year,
 Of their assembled Bellies here.

A DESCRIPTION of NOTAR C

To amend, not expose, is the Bent of my Mind,
 A Reproof is quite lost when ill-nature is join'd.

SPECTATOR.

THE following Lines, I do intend,
 Shall neither Church nor State offend:
 But, on the contrair, hope they'll please,
 Each honest Reader who them sees.

A sordid Miser here I'll dress,
 And squeeze his Vice in Printer's Press;
 To lash the Vice, conceal the Man,
 I shall endeavour all I can.

Therefore

comic?

Therefore I'll hide the real Name,
 Perhaps the Wretch I may reclaim ;
 But if I don't, I, in Lampoon,
 Will scourge his Vice thro' all the Town :
 Yes, thro' the Town, and Country too,
 His Character I will pursue !
 You Scribblers of the better Sort,
 I hope you'll patronize me for't :
 For slyly down the Net is spread,
 To catch CLAUDE RO, if he tread
 A Step upon forbidden Ground,
 Or write to common Metre sound :
 Therefore, with Hudibrastic Measure,
 I hope to shun their grand Displeasure.
 I never do intend a War
 With Pulpit, or Town-council Bar :
 Tho' not for Love, yet sure for Fear,
 These two wise Poets will revere ;
 Neither of these dare to deride,
 Lest you be term'd a Suicide !
 Therefore their awful Hands I'll Kiss,
 Because forsooth they're *major vis.*
 So, without making more ado,
 The Miser's Vice I shall pursue.

A SSIST me, Muse, here to describe
 A Miser of the notar Tribe,
 Who does at Session-time appear,
 Summer and Winter ev'ry Year,
 And thereby gathers meikle Gear.
 Near Bothwel-brig, where rebel Whigs
 Lay scatter'd up and down the Rigs,
 This Miser was both born and bred,
 And with the Herds was fed and cled ;

Sour-milk, Green-whey, and Whangs of Cheese,
 Did mightily this Youngster please :
 Milk-pottage, Sowens, and Butter yellow,
 Did blow him up a stout big Fellow.
 He did attend some Country Schools,
 Till he could rhyme Despauter's Rules :
 Next to the Law he did apply,
 And learn'd some Parts of Notary.
 And for a Notar he does pass,
 Tho' some say he's a mighty Als ;
 Yet in the Country he's rever'd
 By every Rustic, and Cock-laird,
 Whom he doth treat with Art and Skill,
 And lends them Cash on Bond or Bill :
 On Interest his Soul is bent,
 And never-sleeping Annualrent.
 Now I shall briefly show you here
 What Ways he takes to gather Gear :
 A Maxim in his Head doth run,
 That Money sav'd is Money won ;
 Maxim secundo has this Man,
 To cheat his Belly if he can.
 The Norland Clerks, of thrifty Fame,
 Compar'd with him are very lame ;
 Upon SCOTS Pennies twice fifteen
 He din'd four Clerks from Aberdeen.
 Four callour Herring he did rost,
 Which, with two Baps, did Two-pence cost,
 The Baps he halv'd among the four,
 Which Hunger keen made them devour :
 And then, for summing up the Haill,
 He war'd a Baubee upon Kaill ;
 The Lads did rift, and were right fain,
 All four were din'd like Gentlemen.

A Watch this Notar ne'er would wear,
 And herein does his Thrift appear,
 Computing five Pounds for a Watch,
 Five Shillings yearly this would catch ;
 Repairs to ditto, Half a Crown
 Capital Stock this would draw down ;
 Therefore he wisely views the Sun,
 As Fowler's Eye the murd'ring Gun,
 To pass thro' Couds he's not the Fool,
 Because his Cloaths might lose the Wool ;
 And for this Reason home he lurches
 On Holidays from crowded Churches.
 To step a Ditch he takes great Care,
 Lest he should wrong his Breeches there.
 For stony Road he's much afraid
 Lest his Shoes suffer by the Tread ;
 Therefore they're made, for Strength and Pith,
 By Country Sutor and by Smith :
 Iron their Heels and Soles secures,
 No City-Shoes like them endures.
 His aged Hat, eleven Times drest,
 Upon his Head with Care is pres'd ;
 Each Time 'tis drest, he does avow,
 It looks as well as when first new.
 Whene'er he drinks 'tis with Design
 That he may *gratis* sup or dine ;
 Offalls best please him Night and Day,
 Because for those there's nought to pay :
 His Dinner once did Sixpence cost,
 Which with Vexation did him rost ;
 He starv'd himself a long Time after,
 Till he retriev'd this sad Disaster.
 He often swears by his lov'd Store,
 He'll marry none till they first whore ;

By f----g one, he says, he'll know
 If formerly she us'd to m-- :
 A skilful Plan, he says, indeed
 To get his own Wife's Maiden-head !
 But though he's search'd these twenty Years
 For Maiden-heads, yet none appears,
 And therefore he does still remain
 A Batchelor ag'd four Times Ten :
 To thrifty Whoring he's inclin'd,
 For Lust, as well as Love, is blind,
 Money, by him, is lov'd so well,
 He'd hug PROSERPINA hersel'
 To get or save the Root of Evil,
 And make a Cuckold of the Devil.
 One Time, poor Wretch, it was his Hap,
 'Mong other Things, to catch a Clap :
 This was to him a great Vexation,
 Besides a cursed Inflammation,
 The sinful Member did torment,
 Which made him girm, curse, and relent ;
 His Testicles did likewise swell,
 And Shankers made him roar and yell ;
 Great Buboes did his Groins adorn,
 Which pain'd him sore both Night and Morn ;
 A Chordee too did him perplex,
 And an Erection sore him vex :
 For Surgeon's Art he did not care,
 Fear'd for his P---k, but Pocket mair ;
 He made a Shift to treat himself,
 And thereby sav'd his darling Pelf ;
 Yet, after all, a Gleet remains,
 Which will absorb his aged Veins.
 He oft affects the Debauchee,
 Thereby to hide his Misery,

And

And horridly will swear and curse,
 But very seldom draw his Purse :
 However once he got a Drub
 From Members of the corping Club,
 Where mad TAM + rarely play'd his Part,
 Which show'd him Master of his Art
 Made notar C---- drunk like a Beast,
 Then caus'd him pay dear for his Feast;
 Besides his well-trimm'd coal-black Hair
 These drunken Members did not spare ;
 Like Samson, robb'd him of his Locks,
 To complicate their drunken Jokes ;
 Then sent him off in Porter's Creel,
 And some say he deserv'd it well,
 But many Men of sober Mood
 Did think this Treatment somewhat rude,
 His Mother died, it vex'd him sore,
 'Cause Stocking-yarn he'd get no more ;
 To make up this, with Thrift severe,
 No Mournings for her he would wear,
 A borrow'd Big-coat wrapt him round,
 Till she was laid below the Ground ;
 Into this Town it is well known
 That a Big-coat he ne'er had one ;
 For in below the Pillars glowl
 You'll never miss him in a Show'r.
 An expensive Suit, he has confin'd
 Into his Trunk, disturbs his Mind ;
 When at these Cloaths he takes a View,
 The Sweat upon him stands like Dew ;
 And is it not a noted Knack
 That they should sweat him off his Back ?

The

† A Description of mad TAM, with his drunken Adventures and
 heroick Atchievements, will be published separately.

The Breeches are of Velvet scarce,
 So will not keek upon his A-e ;
 He hates the Taylor as Old Nick,
 And swears he play'd the Cloath a Trick :
 Therefore I advertising tell,
 These Breeches now he wants to sell,
 To auction them has set a Day,
 Whoe'er bids best bears them away.
 No Heav'n, but Wealth, this Wretch does know,
 For Riches he would dwell below ;
 And, with Content, at PLUTO's Ingle,
 His pleasant Bags of Money jingle :
 But, to his Torture 'twill conduce,
 There his vast Sums have no Produce ;
 At which he'll grin, curse, and relent,
 For Loss of his sweet Annualrent :
 With Tortures there each Miser's cramm'd,
 That makes them shock the very Damn'd !
 Therefore, thou Wretch, repent in Time
 Of this thy miserable Crime ;
 Do Deeds of Charity, while here,
 The Gospel this commandeth clear ;
 Do not with Usury oppress
 Poor country Lairds in their Distress ;
 Pay more Respect to Word and Vows,
 Refund the Heir of Summer-house,
 That GOD himself may bless thy Store,
 And grant thee his eternal Glore.

According to the crambo Wark
 Of the extemporary CLARK,
 The foresaid Lines are not a Bauble,
 The Miser mean'd is ----- ----- ;

But,

But, to avoid the Fiscal's Leesh,
The Miser's Name is Notar C-----
More might be told, *sed hoc est satis*,
If C----- recant, I'll print it gratis.

NOTAR C-----'s DEVOTION.

To the Tune of, *The Broom of Coudenknows.*

THE golden Bait the Devil spread,
I caught with greedy Jaws ;
With Usury I sore oppress'd
All that came in my Paws :

I hated am, by ev'ry one,
For my Oppression ;
CLAUDERO too points out to view
My Conversation.

May Curses roll upon his Head,
For he hath vex'd me much,
And, if I durst, I would revenge
Myself upon all such :

But Cowardice and Misery
My Bosom does possess ;
To Backbiting I'll have recourse
As the most safe Redress.

I'm strong indeed, as a Cart-horse :
But tim'rous, as a Hare ;
Yet I can bray, like any Ass,
When Danger is not there.

Sweet, sweet to me is Annualrent ;
I seize the very Day ;

When

When Bills are due they must renew,
Int'rest must Int'rest pay.

On Interest my Soul is fix'd,
I cannot yet repent,
A Heaven to me it is indeed

My sweetest Annuaire.

My Kin I don't regard a Pitt,
I love my mighty Store,
Grant, Jove, my Cash I may retain,
For now and evermore.

A HYMN for the THISTLE LODGE.

[Wrote on seeing the Copy of a certain Challenge.]

WHY rage the Heathen, and vain Things
Does TAM of Bedlam mind?
For surely all the THISTLE LODGE
Against him are combin'd,
To plot against his mighty Sway,
And to extirpate quite
MAD TAM from their Society,
Gives to them all Delight.

He that GRAND-MASTER sits does laugh,
And the two WARDENS jeer,
The LODGE united join in Scorn,
Which has reach'd MAD TAM's Ear:
And now he swears, a weighty Sword
He'll take into his Hand;
Heads young and AULD he will shear off
from the mischievous Band.

Now

Now therefore be admonished,
 Join Trembling with your Mirth,
 For MAD TAM is a *Bedlamite*,
 Of Fortune and of Birth.

NIMROD, SANDY, and MALCQM in Tears,
 for the Death of WHISKY JEAN, keeper of NIM-
 ROD's COFFEE-HOUSE in CUMBERNALD.

YOU Drammers all of Cumbernalld,
 Bewail the Loss you lately had ;
Jean Kirkwood's Death, a mournful Theme,
 Her Drams did often warm your Wame.
 Burnt up with Whisky was the Wife,
 So went to drink the Wells of Life,
 And left her Votaries, ane and a',
 Without a Gill to heat their Maw.
Old Ninrod, now what will you do,
 For Friends like *Jean* you'll find but few ;
 Her Drams you very oft did pree,
 Till ye cou'd neither hear nor see ;
 Her Drams I've often heard it said,
 Did make your Ancient Heart right glad.
 For t' other Gill ye was ay keen,
 And cry'd, my Dear * *Melohin Jean*.
 Poor Sandy too, sworn to the Stoup,
 Perish'd with *Jean* is a' your Hope ;
 Right oft with *Jean* ye shuff'd and dramm'd,
 Till your Red Nose was all inflam'd.
 No more will *Jean* the Whisky fill,
 No more administer the Gill ;

* *Melohin* is an Erse Word used by Old NIMROD when he has got in his Cups.

No more will she the Ginger Cake,
After the Dram unto you break.
Malcom Mitchell, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
Fling by your Fiddle and your Cliff,
No more can the tun'd Fiddle please,
Nor Mary's Charms afford you Ease.
All other Comforts are but vain,
Till you get Penny Gills again :
With Grief oppres'd all three did cry,
Oh ! Jean, what ail'd you thus to die ;
And leave us three, while we were willing
To spend on Whisky ev'ry Shilling ?
Jean's Ghost made answer from a Shade,
With Voice as shrill as a Milk-maid,
And cry'd, Old Nimrod fast prepare,
For of my Fate you'll shortly share.
The Whisky you sup up so fast,
Will surely prove your Death at last ;
This much I was allow'd to tell,
So dearest Nimrod, long farewell.
Sandy and Malcom in Amaze,
Fell on their Face and ceas'd to gaze,
Jean's Ghost did through the Æther glide,
A Train of Light around it wide ;
With Spirits Pinions quickly flew,
As swift as Lightning from their View.

On Mr. EDWARD JOSSY, Writer in EDINBURGH,
who died on the memorable 10th Day of JUNE 1758.

GOOD EDWARD JOSSY liv'd and dy'd,
An honest Man of great Content,
Belov'd

Lov'd by all, even WHIGS themselves,
 Revere his Name, his Death lament :
 He hated much old CROMWEI's Fame,
 Grudg'd the PRINCE of ORANGE Glory ;
 Attached firmly to the STUARTS,
 Was a stanch and honest TORY.
 He hop'd to see his KING restor'd,
 And HONEST MEN replac'd in State ;
 In HOPE he liv'd, in HOPE he dy'd,
 And wish'd ALEXIS better Fate.
 Among the Blest, his virtuous Soul,
 Will surely dwell for evermore.
 In Heaven he'll join his lawful KING,
 To praise the KING of KINGS in Glore.

Wrote upon the Report of JOHN MACDEBIT'S Death,
 Pastor of the Parish of CUMMINGSTON.

CLAP your Hands, ye People all
 In Cummingston who dwell ;
 Macdebit's dead, whose Holy Tricks
 Will sink his Soul to — :
 No more will he your Kirk profane ;
 Nor more with Irish Cant,
 Deceive the poor Enthusiasts
 Of the Church Militant.
 From the Original he taught,
 With ever-puzling Greek,
 It edify'd Believers much
 To hear him learn'dly speak ;
 Pungent and Cogent Arguments
 His Doctrine did enforce ;

And very oft he *Climax us'd*
 To scale Heav'n's Walls perforce
 With *Latin, Hebrew, Syriac,*
 And much *scholastic Buff,*
 He spun out Lectures tedious,
 While Hearers took a Snuff.
 Revenge, his noted Character,
 His Sermons did compose :
 The *sacred Text* he still explain'd
 To strike against his *Foes.*
 None of his Parish ever durst
 A Sacrament request,
 Till they of Mutton, Hens, or Ducks
 Sent him a handsome Feast :
 Some obstinate indeed there were,
 Refus'd such *Perquisite,*
 Whose Children *unbaptiz'd* remain,
 For being impolite.
 A Practice strange, yet very true,
 A Scandal to the *Band,*
 That *Heathenism* be allowed
 Into a Christian Land.
 Men for Women ripe enough,
 And *Women* ripe for *Men,*
 Desirous much to be *baptiz'd,*
 Unchristen'd there remain.
 In *holy Things* he always was
 A most *mysterious Quack :*
 His Session too he flyly chose,
 A most *illit'rate Pack,*
 Who to his Will did ay conform
 Not knowing his Design:
 The Poor he robbed many Ways,
 Nor durst they ere repine ;

Collections, Mortcloth, and Buttock-mail

Voraciously he stole ;
President, Clerk, and Treas'rer was,

None durst his Pow'r controul ;
A Quack in Physick too he was,

And trick'd the People sore ;
Meg Low, and many more, can tell

How he was paid therefor.

His Patients he was wont to fright
With Death, Judgment, and Hell ;

Next he apply'd his Specifick,

And purg'd their Purses well.

His Tricks and Querks too tedious,

I cannot here relate :

He seem'd a Saint, tho' Hypocrite,

A Villain consummate.

But, while I wrote, there did arrive

A Post with mighty Speed,

Told me the Rogue is still alive,

And not among the Dead :

The heavy News I did receive

Made me fling by my Quill,

My Joy it into Sorrow turn'd,

I sat and wept my fill.

Oh Cummingston ! I cry'd aloud,

May Comfort come to thee,

May Heav'n thy Sorrows shortly end,

From Priestcraft make thee free.

A SONG

Then his full arm, bold and bold,

A SONG.

(Tune, CUMBERNALD-HOUSE)

IN Robert Bruce's Days,
The Flemings wore the Bays.

Their Courage it surpassed monny ;
For they the Dagger drew,
And serv'd their King ay true,

Thus gain'd Cumbernauld so bonny :

Sure these were happy Days,
When Tyrants they did raze,

Free'd the Bruce from Hardships monny ;
May ev'ry Parish be,
From Tyrant Gentry free,

So prays Cumbernauld so bonny.

Then we again once more,
Will enjoy Peace and Store,

As in Days of good Earl Johnye,
When Oppressors are all gone,
We'll bless the British Throne,

And sing Cumbernauld so bonny :

The white Kine now so rare,
The Deer, and timid Hare,

The Partridge, Muirfowl and the Coney,
Again they will abound,
To bless the happy Ground

Of fam'd Cumbernauld so bonny.

The lofty Elms will grow,
Which are all destroyed now,

The Woods furnish Bees with Honey ;

When

When Irish Priestcraft's gone,
And the Tyrant —
From 'bout Cumbernauld so bonny :

May the Fleming's ancient Race,
Shine forth with ev'ry Grace,
They never oppressed onny ;
But Kindness ay they had,
To ev'ry Lass and Lad,
About Cumbernauld so bonny.

The Flemings, Sons of Mars,
Were glorious in the Wars,
But they never impressed onny ;
Each Man then drew his Sword,
And followed his Lord,
About Cumbernauld so bonny.

With Heart-felt Sorrow cry,
And fill your Bumpers high,
But without ever Toasting onny :
For the Days they are away,
In which you all look'd gay,
About Cumbernauld so bonny.

May old Nimrod end his Days,
(Who hath been persecute always)
In Peace, with a Bottle and Cronny :
Then CLAUDE RO he will sing,
God bless our lawful King,
About Cumbernauld so bonny.

An independent Man
Need not fear do what they can,
Regardless of Tyrants onny :

But

But poor mean sp'rited Fools
Deservedly are Tools,
About Cumbernald so bonny.

The Lasses blyth and gay,
Once brisk as Morn of May,
With a well-set Cockernonny;
Young Men now they have none,
Being all impress'd and gone
About Cumbernald so bonny.

Then mourn, you Fathers, mourn,
Pray for your Sons Return,
Whom you loved best of onny,
Blame neither King nor Laws,
But blame another Cause,
About Cumbernald so bonny.



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25th JULY 1758.

